

WILLIAM AND MARY
MAIR LINDSAY

William Lindsay was born February 11, 1847, in Scotland. He was still in his ninth year when he went to the coal mine to assist his father and brother Robert. He remembers never seeing the sun in winter, except on Sunday, and of his mother waking them to get them off to the mine, with tears in her eyes because of their youth and the hard work required. The mine law said a boy must be 10 years old to be employed. One day the boss came into the mine and, seeing William, he asked if he was 10. William said he was not quite. The boss asked him to spell Carmelbank, which he did. He also gave him a book to read, which satisfied him as he said, "You are a clever boy and deserve a shilling." This was the first money he had ever been given and was proud of it. He had lost the sight of his right eye when two years old. His father was killed in the coal mine when he

was 14. With his mother and seven brothers and sisters, they left Scotland and sailed for Zion, arriving in Heber on September 21, 1862. He accepted a job on a farm, receiving \$100 a year, payable in grain, to help feed the family. He later acquired an ox team and heavy wagon, and hauled coal from Silver Creek to Salt Lake to help the family. In 1866 he joined the territorial militia, as the Black Hawks were on the war path, for which service he in later years received a pension. To be able to do this he led an oxen team laden with produce to Salt Lake to buy guns for he and his brothers to use.

In the fall of 1867 he was one of three men chosen to go from Heber to haul granite blocks from Little Cottonwood Canyon to Salt Lake to build the Temple. In 1868 he drove an ox team and wagon in a caravan that brought immigrants from the Platte River to Salt Lake City. On December 15, 1868, he married Mary Mair, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake. It took two days to make the trip with oxen. His brother Robert and his sweetheart, Sarah Ann Murdock, went along and they were married the same day. Their mother accompanied them. While in the city they bought 100 pounds of flour for \$10, two straight chairs, a small rocker, one brass kettle of molasses, a few other needed things, and started home. But one of the oxen became lame and Mary had to take turns prodding it along behind the sleigh. Their first home was built of logs, a cellar with sandstone wall and floor, on the corner of Third East and First North, where Lowe Ashton now lives. Mary was a fine homemaker. She had worked in homes where she learned the fundamentals of cooking, nursing, sewing, etc. She was kind and cheerful, as was her husband, and they got along fine, each working to help make life a successful, happy adventure.

William entered a homestead on Lake Creek in 1876, taking their three little ones. They worked hard grubbing sagebrush to clear the land, build ditches for water, and all that goes to make a good farm. A seven-room farmhouse took the place of the first log cabin, and in 1876 William walked to Salt Lake to file for his citizenship papers. Although he was not privileged to obtain an education, he studied and did what

he could to help himself. Being anxious to help others, he held a night school in his own home. He was an exceptionally fine penman and speller, loved poetry, and delighted his family and friends with his own compositions. Among his poems is "Lovely Provo Valley." He also wrote many family histories for friends. He held many responsible positions in his Church and was very public-minded, being happy to be among those who would donate to public buildings and worthwhile projects. He was 58 years old when he moved his family from the farm to a house he owned in Heber, and went to England on a two-year mission. He visited relatives in Scotland before his return in 1907.


He was a good, honest, and kind man, being respected by all who knew him. He was 86 years old when he died, May 14, 1932.

His good wife Mary was born July 31, 1852, at Gaswater, Scotland. She came with her mother and brothers, Andrew and Alexander Mair, to Heber in 1864. They had a long, hard journey and she had mountain fever several weeks. However, with good food and care she soon mended after her arrival here.

Although their farm was three miles east of Heber, on the east side of Lindsay's Hill, they seldom were tardy or missed their meetings. She served in many Church capacities. A good cook, she made many fancily decorated three-tiered wedding cakes for people. Her services among the sick were unlimited until her health broke down. She was the daughter of Allan and Mary Murdoch Mair, and died June 3, 1916, at the age of 63. Yet she had lived a rich, full life of service cheerfully given. Their children were: Mary M. (Mamie Lindsay), William Howie, James Lyon, John Allan, Andrew Alexander, Crissie, David Pryde, and Annie.

Three children died in their youth.

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In 1866 he joined the Territorial Militia as Black Hawk was on the warpath. In his later years he received a pension for this service.

In the fall of 1867 he was one of three men chosen to go from Heber to haul granite blocks from Little Cottonwood Canyon to Salt Lake City to build the Temple.

In 1868 he drove an ox team and wagon in a caravan that brought immigrants from the Platt River to Salt Lake City. December 15, 1868, he was married to Mary Mair in the Endowment House.

In 1876 he entered a homestead on Lake Creek where he lived more than 30 years. Lindsay Hill was part of his property. In 1876, he walked to Salt Lake City to file for citizenship papers.

William Lindsay held many responsible positions in his church. He loved poetry and delighted his family and friends with his own compositions. He was an exceptionally fine penman. Among his poems was "Lovely Provo Valley", which place was dearer to him than any other place on earth. When 58 years old he returned to Great Britain as a missionary. He lived until he was 86 years old.

he could to help himself. Being anxious to help others, he held a night school in his own home. He was an exceptionally fine penman and speller, loved poetry, and delighted his family and friends with his own compositions. Among his poems is "Lovely Provo Valley." He also wrote many family histories for friends. He held many responsible positions in his Church and was very public-minded, being happy to be among those who would donate to public buildings and worthwhile projects. He was 58 years old when he moved his family from the farm to a house he owned in Heber, and went to England on a two-year mission. He visited relatives in Scotland before his return in 1907.

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ROBERT McKNIGHT SR.
(McNAUGHT)



Robert McKnight Sr. (McNaught) was born in Glasgow, Scotland, January 1, 1803, son of Michael and Lizzie McKnight.

Robert McKnight Sr. was married twice, once in Scotland and again in America.

In Pennsylvania he met and married Katherine Shields McMurray, who had one son, George Murray, by a former marriage, and later had another son, Robert McKnight Jr.

Katherine Shields was born in Glasgow, Scotland, April 30, 1817. In 1837 she married George McMurray. She died October 13, 1900.

Robert McKnight, or Uncle Bob, as he was commonly known, was the son of Michael and Lizzie McKnight. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on January 1, 1803. He was converted and baptized quite young into the LDS Church by some of the first missionaries. He took up the work with great zeal and did much work in the old country. He was a strong advocate of the doctrines of Mormonism.

An educated botanist took him over the hills, studying many kinds of herbs and their uses. He became known as an herb doctor and the rest of his life was spent in helping people.

He was an exemplary gentleman, highly respected by his friends and neighbors. In Scotland he was known as the cholera doctor during the great epidemic of this disease. He was called out of the coal mines to help fight it.

He was over six feet tall, with red hair and beard. Active and self-assertive, he was a fluent speaker, a man whom God had blessed with the gift of healing, and was often called out of the mines to administer to the sick.

He also worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, where he met his future wife, Katherine Shields McMurray.

At Winter Quarters he was captain of immigrants. His duty was to prepare tents and places for them to stay until teams met them from Utah. Here he met William Lindsay and his mother's family, and Mary Montgomery and her family. He placed the saints in the wagon trains in which they were to cross the plains.

In 1862 he brought his family to Utah. They lived in Salt Lake two years and then came to Heber, where they lived several months with Mrs. Maggie Stevenson until their own home was finished at First South and First East, where John A. Anderson's house now stands.

He doctored exclusively with herbs in this valley for many years, for which he never charged. He used to walk to Woodland, American Fork and Provo, and had a great deal of success in helping those with St. Vitus dance.

He was a wily man and always had a clever answer because of his brilliancy, and had he had the opportunity of receiving an education it is believed he would have at-

tained great success as a doctor. He died at the age of 96.

KATHERINE SHIELDS
McMURRAY McKNIGHT



Katherine Shields was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on April 30, 1817. As a girl and young lady she worked in the woolen mills. She married George McMurray in 1837 and had a son, George McMurray Jr.

She came to America with her son. Her husband intended to come after he had earned more money, but he did not come. After many years she married Robert McKnight and to them was born another son, Robert McKnight Jr.

In 1862 they came to Utah and lived on the block where the City and County Building now stands. While there she worked for Brigham Young. When they moved into their own home in Heber she was very proud and happy. It was a one-room log cabin, with one window and one door. There was a fireplace and all the furniture was homemade. She baked her bread in an iron bake skillet. She was exceptionally clean and tidy in her home and about herself, and was a wonderful cook and homemaker, her home being always well-kept and her curtains always a dainty white. The walls were whitewashed.

She and her husband loved children and she generally had cookies and small seed cakes for them, while he always had peppermints and horehound candy in his pocket for them. She made yeast out of hops and the neighbors around came to trade a little flour for some of her yeast.

She stayed home and was quiet, kind and free-hearted, and was loved by everyone who knew her. She served as Relief Society teacher many years at the time Mrs. Lee was president.

She died four months after her husband passed away. She and "Grandma" Rasband were buried the same day. Joint funeral services were held for them in the Stake Tabernacle.